Gen, Cluseret's Mometre-The Trath Abethe Paris Commune. -35 By PINAL ABTICLE.

Next to the name of Cluseret himself the names most conspicuously associated with the Paris Commune are those of Rossel, who succeeded him in the chief command, of Dom-browski, who also took a prominent part in the se of the city, and, lastly, of Delescluze who, after supplanting his rivals and exercisng for a brief period supreme authority. m with a fate which his fellow insurrectionists regard as martyrdom. What Cluseret thinks of the character, abilities, and conduct of these colleagues of his may be deduced from a multitude of allusions scattered through the two volumes of his memoirs, some of which we now

We first hear of Rossel in the earlier chapter of the first volume at a time when Cluseret, assuming the functions of Minister of War, un dertook to bring order out of chaos, and as the first step in that direction proceeded to organ-ize a headquarters staff. How he came to select Rossel for chief of staff is thus recounted: "I had the good luck," he says, "thanks to Malon, to meet Rossel. I had no acquaintance with him, even by name. They told me that he had graduated from the Poly technic School, and entered the Corps of Engineers, in which he had been a Captain. As I had a siege to sustain, this was a valuable ac guisition. But, unfortunately, men of parts often disdain the specialty in which they really are superior, to dash into other fields of human activity in which they are mediocre, and even worthless. So with Rossel, who imagined himself marked out for a very different rôle from that which he could and should have filled-that, namely, of superintending the defensive works, and aiding me in the reorganization of the forces needed to man them.

"Every one is now familiar with Rossel' photograph-a low forehead covered with shor and stiff brown hair, a light-red beard, a hatchet face, and lank body. Such was my chief of staff. On the moral side he presented a type resembling that of the Puritans of the seventeenth century, except as regards his re-lations with the other sex. He gave too much time to women. Impassive to the verge of frigidlity resolute, savere to the pitch of harshness trenchant in speech, ambitious beyond all exession, a Republican, but in no sense despising the people in true bourgeois fashion, and, above all, animated by one ruling aim, to play the game of Bonaparte-I do not say that of Napoleon-indeed, I could hardly define him better than as a soldierlike and amoron Robespierre. Add to this an extreme reserv oushed to dissimulation, and rendered easy b dark-tinted spectacles which hid his eyes.

"Rossel's start was excellent. I had given him full powers over the headquarters staff, which I allowed him to make up as he pleased. In fact, outside of Beaufort, who had a panied me to Paris and whom a madavit.
War Department as a member of my military household, I did not know a single officer at tached to the general staff. I only busied myself with the apportionment of labor, which for the moment was concentrated on the most essential features of organization. The Commune later made the composition of my staff subject of reproach. I simply followed the American principle in organizing, leaving to authority, in order to exact from each head complete responsibility. (It will be remembered that Cluseret had become familiar with Ameri can military usages, having served with indis putable credit in the Union army during our civil war.l It was, therefore, only just to leave Rossel, who, as chief of staff, was accountable to me. free to choose his own subordinates. It is said they were a elippery lot from the political point of view I know nothing about that, and the vague ac cusations of the Commune that accused every aning with its own members, would not make much impression on my judgment. I know that I refused to force upon Bossel, or even to introduce to him, protégés of Deles-cluze and his comrades. These fellows might be capital Jacobins, but they certainly were ignorant of the A B C of their profession. Now what we needed most of all was men trained to their profession, capable of understanding and executing the orders they received. Had I accepted them, I simply should have hastened the shot which Delescluze brought about so quickly with the same men, and others still worse, like Masson, whom he substituted for Rossel's staff."

Elsewhere we are told by Cluseret that for some days Rossel seconded him efficiently. voked the capital sentence of a court martial which the delegate for war and his chief of staff deemed indispensable to discipline. "Nevertheless," so he goes on to say, "Rosse was no organizer; I soon awoke to that Brusque in speech and self-absorbed, he re-pelled instead of attracting, and made it impossible to deal with men who might have ren-dered service, if he had refrained from exact ing certain formalities which can only b expected from professional officers. Rossel' great fault was that he was only 27, and had nev er rubbed against mankind. Now, under the cir sumstances in which we were placed, a thoroug knowledge of your profession was not all sufficient. You had to know men besides, and be as conversant with volunteer as with the so called regular organizations, in order to exact only what was indispensable, and manage to do without things which were not to be had This kind of experience Rossel completely lacked, and the rigidity of his character prevented his promptly acquiring it. On the other hand, he had no personal prestice which could make the officers of the National Guard, incessantly brought in contact with him, over look the chilling and haughty ways that he affected. But in spite of these faults. which too often compelled me to inter-pose, Rossel's good qualities were, I repeat, of ne assistance at the outset. He made hi officers obey him and knew how to apportion duties. His instructions were lucid, and under his direction the staff worked well. Accordingly, I gave him the absolute control of it, but I placed Col. Meyer at the head of the organization of the National Guard proper, Rossel having completely failed in his organ-izing experiments, and having caused me to

By the Commune's cancellation of the sen tence of the court martial to which we have referred. Bossel was ac exasperated that on April 18 he seat in his resignation. It seems that an exciting scene took place in Cluseret's private room between the indignant chief of staff. Delescluze, and Felix Pyst. The two latter kept harping on the assertion that the Commun wanted no bloodshed, while Cluseret natural ly backed up Rossel, whom he vainly entreated to retract his resignation. "He consented to defor the publication of it, but from that day forth he rendered me no service. In vain I argued that a question of self-esteem ought not to blot out the sense of duty; his resentment carried him away. From that moment he never ceased plotting with the edi-torial staff of the Père Duchesns. Every day its editor or one of his assistants would come to confer with Rossel in the billiard room edjoining the private office of the delegate for war. There they would talk in whispers. What were they saying? I never worried mywhat were they saying? I have worthed mysolf about it. In my eyes Rossel was an
honorable man until I had proof of
the contrary, and it was not for me to
anticipate such proofs. I learned afterward
through his confidant, Seguin, that it was
Rossel's intention to smash the Commune. make himself Dietator, and confide to me the chief command of the troops. This disclosure was made to me toward the close of my im-presented in the Hotel de Ville. As Bosse never opened himself to me upon the subject for good reasons (since he could not but know me to be a deadly enemy of any Dictatorship for I would no more have endured his than my own or anybody clas's, but would have arrested him on the spot). I abstain from pronouncing and has a second second second second

any judgment upon this communication, which

perhaps was only a feeler."

As a matter of fact, Rossel had at this time entered, in concert with Delescluse and the Jacobin members of the Commune, into the conspiracy which culminated on April 30 in the arrest of Cluseret. Rossel of course supposed timself to be playing his own game, not theirs, and he did manage to obtain the command in hief, which, had he exercised with efficiency, he might have transformed into a Dietator ship. But at the end of nine days he had by incapacity so seriously weakened the defences of Paris, and reduced the force under his rders to such a degree of disintegration, that he had to take refuge in the house of a friend

to escape the arrest which was impending.

In reviewing the defensive arrangement made by Cluseret on his assumption of the War Office we pointed out that he assigned to a Pole, Dombrowski, the command of an im portant section of the outer circuit of the fortifigations. But Dombrowski, like Ro agined himself fitted for the command in chief. and he very soon began to organize a faction and to set on foot machinations against his superior officer. A good deal of misconception existed in Paris touching the antecedent experiences of this man, and even the Executive ommittee of the Commune asserted in a proc lamation that he had been the principal chief of the last Polish insurrection, a General under Garibaldi, and a devoted champion of the Circassians against the Bussians in the war of the Caucasus. These misstatements are corrected by Cluseret. "Dombrowski never was," he tells us. "at the head of the Polish insurrec tion. He was not a General under Gari-

baldi, nor was he present in any of the engagements which took place during the Italian revolution. He was one of the recruits got together by Miroflowski, who would have participated in the war had it not been suc denly ended by the peace. He may possibly have been one of the Polish Captains that Milbetz, toward the close of the campaign, had near his person, but unattached to any body of soldiers. I knew them all, however, and have not the faintest recollection of meeting Dombrowski. He himself never spoke of this campaign as if he had been personally faniliar with it, a thing he would not have failed to do had he been actually engaged knowing that I had taken an active part in it As to the war of the Caucasus, it was in the ranks of the Bussian army, and nowhere else that he served." In other words, all the assertions in the proclamation mentioned (which on the authority of that document have since gained currency in professed accounts of the Commune) were erroneous except the naked statement that Dombrowski was a Pole.

man of a fair complexion. His features, which bore the mark of cunning and of energy, were far from being handsome. As to the second of these traits, he pushed it to an extreme. In my long experience of men whose trade it was to be energetic, I have met but few as brave as he. Dombrowski, as I have said, had been designated by me to command the inerior of Paris, but this post being ill suited to his aptitudes, he soon got out of itato devote imself entirely to the defence of Neuilly, where he accomplished marvels. With 1,335 confided to him (having observed that the more men he had the less he knew how to handle them), he held in check the whole First Army Corps under Gen. Ladmirault, who, by the onfession of MacMahon himself, set down in his official report, renewed every fourth day the division ordered to fight at Neuilly. Now, a division is, at the lowest, 10,000 men. Poor rench army! Poor Generals!"

Of the plans formed by Cluseret for an inner ircle of fortifications of which he foresaw that the Commune would eventually have need. scarcely any were carried out by Rossel and Dombrowski. The one defensive work, completed on the inner line, was a species of barrieade running from the Muette Quay to the Trocadero, and barring an advance from the salient at the Point de Jour. Cluseret thinks hat this piece of work, executed by Roselli-Mollet, would have done honor to Todleben himself. Had this improvised rampart been turned to account it is Cluseret's conviction that, even after the Versalllists had entered Paris, they could have been long held at bay. Behind this finished section of the inner line of defence, it would have been possible to com-pletely neutralize the effects of the treason of the Sixty-fourth Battalion (which had aban doned its post). The occupation of the Point part. Unluckily, Dombrowski was no longer himself. A command too extensive had ruined him. He who had defended the whole of Neuflly with 1,800 men when he was but a General of division, with a limmanding General, with thrice as many sol-diers, hold an impregnable position." At this ultimate crisis in the fate of the Commune when everything depended on the commander's insight and energy. "Dombrowski say nothing and did nothing. Not through treason but incompetence; just what I foresaw took place. An excellent Colonelor Brigadier-Genpiace. An excellent Colonel or Brigadier-Cen-eral, Dombrowski made a lamentable Com-mander-in-Chief, and the National Guards, discouraged, feeling themselves no longer led, kept straying back to Paris in small groups of ten or twenty. There were still enough left, however, since MacMahon took 1,500 prisoners at the Trocadero. Had Dombrowski put himself at the head of these 1,500 men, to prevent, at all hazards, the occupation of the viaduct and the line of the Muette Quay, MacMahon's ostensible success would have been changed into disaster. The occupation of the viaduct was equivalent

to that of the left bank of the Seine."

Of Delescluze, and of the part he played in or Deleacture, and of the part he played in the Commune, his former colleague speaks with a severity untempered by the circum-stances of his death. "Shall I be told I should forget the Jacobin despot, to remember but the here who died upon a barricade? Without stopping to observe that balls strike blindly, I would say that I am writing for the people and for their instruction; that deeds alone are in-teresting, and that individuals, whoever they may be, whether sheltered by the tomb or may be, whether sheltered by the tomb or shielded by misfortune, do not cease on that account to be accountable for their deeds to the people and to history. To die well may be something, but to live well, or, in other words, to fulfil your duty, is everything. Sentiment may sway a private man, but it is the business of a public man to be controlled by reason only. Whoever holds a pen is a public man. He has no right to melt with pity; his duty is

o judge."
Under date of April 21, when Delescluze made his first and unsuccessful effort to dis-lodge Cluseret, his motives are examined at some length. "Delescluze, eaten up with ambition, and observing that under my direction the defence of Paris was assured, supposed, on the one hand, that the task was easy, within his own capacity, while he was anxious, on the other hand, to supropriate the credit for it. Hence a quantity of quarrels with me which he fomented, or caused his party to foment, either in the ranks of the Commune or in the clubs; hence also his temporary alliance with Rossel. The two were, for that matter, fitted to agree up to the moment when, being spurred by one and the same ambition, they would have to devour each other. So long, nevertheless, as Delesciuze and his fellow Jacobins believed themselves in danger. I was the Deus ex machina. But the moment they saw the defence of Paris acquiring a substantial aspect, and that, too, without any participation on their part (for Rossel had long done nothing but divide his time between the street where his mistress was living and the office of the Pere Duchesnel; above all, when they saw, a few days afterward, relations of a serious character established with the German au thorities, thanks to the good order which obtained in Paris and to the firmness of the defence, Delescluze and his faction could no longer repress their rage. What! the most wast, portentous, and hazardous of revolutions was to be carried through without their help! What, were revolutionists to be successful and without heeding the sacred formula inscribed surg

in the breviary of '93? What, could working men get on without the gospel lights of the Convention, and free themselves in other ways and for other aims than those of their fathers? What, was there not to be the least little Sep-tembricide northe smallest Dumouriez? Such a disregard of revolutionary traditions and proprieties could not be tolerated, and Deles-cluze made it his business to set things right."

Though the first attack on Cluseret (who, it will be remembered, was supported by the Socialist members of the Commune) miscarried, ret in the second, made on April 30, Delections and the Jacobins succeeded. Then, after permitting Bossel to act for nine days as Delegate for War, Delescluze reached the goal of his ambition, and assumed those super-visory military functions for which, as events soon proved, he was deplorably unfitted. It will, of course, be understood that, although Dombrowski was suffered to nominally retain the chief command out of doors, the real ruler at headquarters, and, therefore, the virtual head of the Commune in its last agony, was Delescluze. It was only a few days after he gained supreme control that a vital point in the fortifications was recklessly or treacherously abandoned, and Dombrowski having failed to checkfihe impour of MacMahon's soidiers at the Trocadero, the defence of Paris suddenly and totally collapsed, if we except the hopeless street fighting which continued for some days. It was at this fatal hour that Cluseret, who, although released from prison, was only a private citizen, ran to the War Office for the purpose of urging certain measures to check the Versallist advance. The anarchy and consternation which reigned there were appailing, and be saw that all was

Our glimpses of this striking book must end with the last interview of Cluseret with Delescluze, which was, if we keep in view the ser-vices respectively rendered by those two men to the Commune and their relations to each other, one of almost tragical interest. It took place on the occasion just referred to, when the superseded General rushed to the War Deeartment in the hope that even yet the capture of the city, which he had so stoutly defended, might be averted, or at least delayed. There he met, as we have said, with nothing but confusion and despair. "I found Deles-cluse," he writes, "alone in the old yellow room, a vast apartment contiguous to the bed chamber, which had been occupied by so many Marshals, and lately by the wife of Eudes and by Beaufort. Nothing could be more lugubrious than this limitless obscurity, through which the eye plunged under the yellow tints of the drapery. In a corner was a little table, a little lamp, and a little old man. It was Delescluze His head was buried in his hands. Bowed. broken collapsed. He stirred not. The carpet deadened the sound of my steps; his pred pation did the rest; he had not heard me, and I could contemplate for a moment this human ruin. Stlent, but deeply moved. I felt that I was witnessing the last moments of a dynasty In very truth, I had before me the last of the Robespierres. Here was Jacobinism at its final gasp, May it never know a resurrection! "Well, Delescluze," I said, where are you

Robespierres. Here was Jacobinism at its final gasp. May it never know a resurrection!
"Well, Delescluze,' I said, where are you now?"
"He seemed to wake out of a nightmare; then, gazing at me, said, 'Ah, it's you, Cluseret, You come to take my place.' No.' What is our situation? I know nothing, said the self-made Dictator. 'Why, your man Dombrow-ski? What is he doing?' Nothing,' was the answer. 'Ah, that's all, eh?' What would you have? They will obey no longer. There is not a word of truth in Dombrowski's reports. His famous sorties into the Bois de Boulogne—all lies! We have been shamefully deceived.' He expressed himself with difficulty; his voice rattled in his throat. You would have said it was a ghost talking. Nothing about him seemed alive. Not even his eye. The sight of him wrung my heart. Here, where the desperate plight of the community required a man in the full vigor of years and temperament. I found only a spectre. Nevertheless making a great effort to remain calm and not burst out. I said, 'Well. Delesciuze, are you now awake to the frightful blunder you committed? You or your memory will one day have to bear a heavy load of responsibility.' He interrupted me. 'Don't let us take of the past, Cluseret; what is done is done. Let us think of the present. What should we do?' Occupy,' I said, at any cost the viaduct and the line of the Muette Quay. That is easy, and so long as the enemy are shut of from the left bank, they will have accomplished nothing.' Will you.' he said, 'remain here?' 'Oh, no,' I said,' I mean to see what's going on.' He called a subordinate to give him the necessary orders for the occupation of the viaduct. I listened to the directions, in order to prevent ahy misunderstanding, and resolved not to leave till I had seen the orders despatched. They were never executed. Some minutes afterward Delescluze left forever the War Department for the Hotel de Ville, which, in turn, he was shortly to abandon for the eleventh arrondissement, where he met his death.

Senile incarnation of the young Communi it seemed that this ambulatory corpse had only crept out of the grave to drag back with him her that, in the bright exuberance of viality and vigor, only asked to be allowed to live."

M. W. H.

A SURGEON'S LIFE.

There always maintained that it is impossible for any man to be a great surgeon if he destitute, even in a considerable degree, of the finer feelings of our nature. I have often lain awake for hours the night before an important operation, and suffered great mental distress for days after it was over, until was cert of the most of the most and the suffered great mental distress for days after it was over, until for the most of a valuable citizen, husband, father, mother, or child. Surgery under such circumstances is a terrible taskmaster, feeding like a vulture upon a man's vital. It is surprising that any surgeon in large practice should ever attain to a respectable old age, so great are the wear and tear of mind and body.

The world has seen many a sad picture. I will draw one of the surgeon. It is midday; the sun is bright and beautiful; all nature is redolent of joy; men and women crowd the street, arrayed in their best, and all, apparently, is peace and happiness within and without. In a large house, almost overhanging this street so full of life and gayety, lies upon a ocuch an emaciated figure, once one of the sweetest and iovellest of her sex, a confiding and affectionate wife and the adored mother of numerous children, the subject of a frightful disease of one of her limbs, or, it may be, of her law, if not of a still more important part of her body. In an adjoining room is the surgeon, with his assistants, spreading out his instruments and getting things in readiness to follow the kinds with his spongs. The large are soon formed, the bone severed, the vessels ited, and the kings with his spongs. The flaps are soon formed, the bone severed, the vessels ited, and the kings with his spongs. The flaps are soon formed, the bone severed the surgeon was the high with his propage. The house of the surgeon was

POEMS WORTH READING.

One Good Life. From the American.

A nunbeam piercing the forbidden shade
Of some drear prison cell has often brought
Quiet to troubled spirits, and has made
Dark, mortid brooding change to pesceful tho

So one good life will prove a guiding light.

To brighten paths weak mortals oft find drear

beacon in the narrow way of Right

To lure the fallen to a higher sphere.

From the Bushio Commercial.

Know ye the land where the eyeglasses glitter.

The Browning (inb) grows and ine faith cure is taught: Where the barefooted small boys, the maidens who titter, Are at home in the foagy abysins of thought? How we the land where the widely loved pumpkin like rarest perfection and flavor attains stifting bumpkin. The rarest perfection and flavor attains stifting bumpkin. Can eat of the beams and enliven their brains!

Where the fox hunter gallops, with bounds on the trail, and winds up the chase by reposing in fall: Where the love of the turile, the hunger for pie, Keep the restaurants busy, tho' the prices are high. Where the sous of the Partian richly array and a land of the northeast, where hen Butler hides, and Kelly, the fielder, in splendor shides: Where the hearts of the virguis that tenderly glow Are as big as the tracks that they leave in the snow! Where the hearts of the virguis that tenderly glow Are as big as the tracks that they leave in the snow! Where they ging is a season of unnelted ice.

And Senators seem to be lowest in price;

But sweets at he loys of which lowers partake.

Are the pies they cook and the clama that they bake. From the Buffalo Con

'Zektel's Infidelity From Lippincott's Magas
Mistis, I raly wish you'd hol'
A little conversation
Wid my ole Zekye' bout his soul;
Dat nigger's aggivation
Is most done worrited me to death,
Basilin' wid 'im at ev'y breath. Dat evil sinner's sot he face Gin avy wid I know: Brer Gabriel say he's fell from grace, An' hell 'll git him, sho'.

He don' believe in sperită,
'Skusin' 'tis out a jur;
'Bay 'tain got no mo merita
Den a ole half-oured lug;
'N' dat white car i see right late
One evenin' nigh de graveyard gats
Warn' nuttin' 'cep' some ole cat whar
Wus sot on suppin' off ole hyah.

Be oon't allow a rooster
By crowin' in folks' do'
Kin bring death dyah, an' uster
Say 'e wish mine would crow;
An' be even say a hin mout ryny,
'Cep' women folks would git so gpry,
'Cep' women folks would git so gpry,

An' try to crow over de met.

Bay 'taln' no good in preachin';
Dat niggers is sich fools.
Don't know no mo' 'bout teachin'
'N' white folks dese 'bout mules;
An' when here 'Gabriel's hollered tell
You mos' kin see 'right into hall.
An' rambled scriptures fit to bus,
Dat hard mout nigger's wus an' wus!
Bay quality (dis is master)
Bay 'taln' no better 'n 'arf-strainer,
An' dat his master 'll git
Good place in beaven—po' white folks, mark |—
As y'all whar come right out de ark,
An' dat-now jos' hea ilis—dat he.
A po' white folks' nigger, 's good as me!

He's gwine straight to de deble! An' sarve him jes' right, too! An' sarve him jes' right, too!
He's a outdactous rebel,
Arter all I'se done do!
The sweat, an' arguilled, an' blowed
Over dat black nigger mo'
'N' would a' teck a c'nal boat load
Over to Canyan sho':

Fas tried reflection, 'twarn' nowhar!
The reatied wid de Lord in prar;
The quotied till f was most daid;
The th'owed de spider at his hald;
But he ole hald 'twas so thick th'oo
Hit bus' my skillet spang in two.

You kin dye black byar and meek it light,
You kin tu'n de Ephlope's spots to whita.
You nout srow two or the e cubics bigger,
But you carn't onchange a po'white folks' nigger
When you's dwellin' on golden harps and chunes.
A po'white folks' nigger's thinkin' bout coons.
An' when you's suffilin' de heaven'y blossom.
A po'white folks' nigger's studyin' bout 'possum.
A po'white folks' nigger's studyin' bout 'possum.

A Harrest Song. From the Toronto Truth O'er the far-reaching fields of upland and plain the harvest of summer is golden again, and the clicking of reapers rings out on the air, for self-binding reapers are harvesting there:

or self-binding reapers are harvesting there; no as fast as the teams speed along of or the ground he ripe grain is cut, neatify gathered, and bound; no skilful hands follow to put it in shock, aving food for the master and food for the stock. Then hurah for the reaper that harvests so well! Let the lipe that speak well of its high merits tell. For we harvest to day with comfort and case, With the mercury standing at hatety degrees.

Oh! we dread not to enter the harvest to-day.
As we did in the years that have circled away.
No old fashioned sickies our skill hands bear,
No cradies are swung by the strong-handed there;
Now few of a burden oppressive complain.
For with self-binding reapers we harvest the grain;
And the work is so quickly and skilfully done,
We're proud of the triumph that genius has won,
Then hurtah for the reaper. As

The old tashioned tools may were now set aside;
For the needs of the times have inspired men of thought;
And things of high merit and power have been wrought;
And though better things skilful hands may prepare.
To add to our comfort and isseen our care,
A marvel of skill such as seldons is seen.
At the control of the co

The Bounding Betsey

From the Botton Budget. A flower, in the long ago I knew, That by the dusty roads de grew, 'Twas of a purplish, pinkish hue, And calle the Bouncing Betsey.

How often, when a little child.

Some say 'tis called the Mountain Pink, A fitter name by far they think:

Pull often when on country ground
I've wandered far, but nowhere found—
Aye, though I've looked for miles around—
The fragrant Bouncing Better. And so for years, I've thus repined:
"In vain my search, I cannot find;
"Tis like my childhood, left behind,
The friendly Bouncing Betsey.

Till, in the summer time now past, Within a country fair and vast, I met my old time friend at last, The glowing Souncing Betsey.

The years flew back with sudden flight, No clouds, aye all was sunshine bright— I laughed a gleeful child that night; I found the Bouncing Betsoy.

I stooped and kissed her perfumed head; My friend Pd thought forever dead; She spoke-Pil teil you what she said. The dear old Bouncing Betsey; Whene'er you have an end in view Keep bravely on, nor pause to rue; When least you think 'twill come to you, As came the Boancing Betsey."

Ten poets praise the pansy's glow, The filly, violet, jacqueminot, But I, of all the flowers that grow, Will sing the Bouncing Betsey, NELLIE P. O'NEUL The Tender Heart.

From the St. Paul Globe. She gazed upon the burnished brace
Of plump ruffed grouse he showed with pride;
Angelic grief was in ber face;
"How could you do it. dear!" she sighed.
"The poor, pathetic, moveless wings!
The sours all hushed—oh, crue! shame!"
said he: "The partridge never slogs."
Said she: "The isn is quite the same—

"You men are savage through and through.
A boy is always bringing in
Some strings of birds 'egra, white and bine,
Or butterfly upon a pin.
The angieworm in angulah dies
Impaled, the precry trout to tease—"
"My own, I fish for trout with dies—"
"Don't wander from the question, please!"

She quoted Burns's "Wounded Hare,"
And certain burning lines of Blake's,
and Ruskin on the fow so sir.
And Coleridge on the water snakes.
At Emperon's "Forberance" be
Began to feel his will becambed;
At Browning's "Donald" utterly
His soul surrendered and succumbed.

"Ob. gentlest of all gentle girls."
He thought, "beneath the blesse

To Tell the Age of a Horse. From the Toronto Truth.

To tell the age of any horse, Inspect the lower jaw, of course: The six front teeth the tale will tell, And every doubt and fear dispel. Two middle "nippers" you behold

The suiside grooves will disappear From middle two in just one year. In two years, from the second pair; In three, the corners, too, are bare. At two the middle "nippers" drog, At three the second pair can't stop, then four years old the third pair goes, At two a full new set he shows. The deep black spots will pass from view At six years from the middle two; The second pair at seven years. At eight the spot each "corner" clears. From middle "nippers" upper jaw At nine the black spots will withdraw; The second pair at ten are white; Eleven finds the "corners" light. As time goes on, the horsemen know, The oval teeth three slied grow; They longer get, project before Till Iwenty, when we know more.

EMPEROR WILLIAM AT GASTEIS. The Place, and the Old Monarch's Way of

Living There. LONDON, Aug. 23 .- In spite of all the alarmist and fortunately incorrect statements so lavishly distributed by the foreign press. the Emperor of Germany has not only suc cessfully accomplished his two journeys to and sojourns at Ems and Gastein, but he has returned from the latter to his capital with re-newed strength and a fresh lease of life. Those who have quite lately seen him at Berlin and Potsdam on his arrival were struck with the almost miraculous improvement in his appearance and health. Already at Ems. while he was represented as utterly broken down and senile in mind and body, he used to walk about the town accompanied only by one aide-de-camp, entering various shops, chasing photographs, chiefly of the battle scenes by Neuville and Detaille, addressing those of his acquaintances he chanced to meet, and never failing one single night to visit the theatre. When indoors he spent the time reading or writing, and could be seen from the houses opposite moving about his rooms without aid or support. The only real alteration made in his mode of life is that he is more frequently in plain clothes, probably to avoid the weight and discomfort of the uniform. Although he absolutely insists on wearing it when expecting the visit of some brother potentate and on changing his uniform two or three times in one day, to pay each foreign prince the compliment of ap pearing in the regimentals of the corps of which he is the honorary commander. The long gray cloak so closely associated with him is always carried behind the soversion ready for

use, and save for a more marked shrinking of the

floure and hesitation of gait, the inhabitants

of Ems and Gastein saw little change in their

august visitor. Emperor William loves Gastein, for the sake

of old associations, almost as much as his favorite Babelsberg, at Potsdam, the residence he has made so beautiful and where he spen long years as Crown Prince and regent. The little Bohemian watering place, whose waters have the remarkable property of petrification and forming an agate-like sort of soft stone, is beyond the line of rail. The last station is Lem, about two hours from Salzburg, whence Gastein is reached by a long, precipitous as cent the road being literally out in the rock and separated by a slender hand rail from the abyss descending abruptly to the narrow gorge where the boisterous torrent called the Ache tumbles and roars, first keeping awake and then lulling to sleep with its sonorous din the guests of Gastein. As the road winds upward splendid mountain scenery spreads before the traveller, the eternal snows of the Tyrolean Alps frowning over the green, smiling valley, Descending the western slope of the mountain lies Hof Gastein, about three miles away from Gastein proper. The healing waters are conveyed thither by means of hollowed trunks of trees, in accordance with the suggestion of the philanthropic Emperor Joseph II., for the benefit of the poorer class of patients who cannot afford the high prices of the aristocratic Gastein, and who have to get their baths artificially heated instead of taking them at the natural hot temperature. Leaving Hof Gastein and crossing the stream the opposite slope has to be ascended in the midst of a deafening, thundering noise caused by the Ache leaping in two prodigious bounds into the valley, over a height of one hundred and fifty feet. Between these two leaps Gastein is placed, with its fringe of hotels, villas, chalets straying on the hillside, and the quiet valley stretched full length at its feet. Owing to the conformation of the soil, there is but one street, widening into a to pause before taking its second bound. There the whole life and animation of the place is the whole life and animation of the place is concentrated; for twice a day letters can be brought from the Post Office, twice a day a band of a dozen gaunt musicians awakes the echoes with Wagnerian strains, and, supreme attraction, the Badeschloss occupied by the Emperor and his suite forms always one side of the square. The Emperor never fails to appear at his open window while the concert lasts seemingly indifferent to the hundreds of glances levelled at him, but not unconscious of their homage nor of the blue corn flowers worn by the ladies as a delicate flattery to his well-known predilection. Besides this popular and fuscinating resort Gastein boasts of a so-called Kaiser Promenade, leading to a celebrated restaurant, whence a magnificent view of the surrounding country may be obtained together with refreshments whose Intrinsic value is not at the height of the prices demanded. The with refreshments whose intrinsic value is not at the height of the prices demanded. The latter are taken very early, so that at 9 the walk is crowded, for it is well known that punctually at 10 a small procession will be seen advancing in one invariable order. First, two martial-looking Austrian policemen, then a tall man entirely elad in gray-the most faithful body guard of the Emperor, one who can be constantly seen in Berlin passing the sidewalk in front of the Palace Unter den Linden. He is an ex-officer of infantry, who, having incurred debts was most faithful body guard of the Emperor, one who can be constantly seen in Berlin passing the sidewalk in front of the Palace Unter den Linden. He is an ex-officer of infantry, who, having incurred debts, was obliged to leave the army, and was placed at the head of the police force whose duty it is to watch particularly over the Emperor. A few paces behind, leaning on the arm of Gen. Count Lehndorff, the finest and handsomest soldler in all the German army, where manly beauty is not scarce, comes the Emperor, walking slowly but steadily forward, followed by two more policemen. Personally he has strong objections to this coremonial, which is in such formal contrast with his wonted familiar and confiding way of going about among his Berliners; but the orders from Vienna are peremptory, and the Governor of Salzburg is nearly beside himself with the weight of responsibility the presence of the Emperor in his province puts upon him, especially since two years ago a portion of the Kaiser Promenade fell in nearly at the monarch's feet. When the latter feels strong enough and the weather is tempting, he pursues his walk as far as a little rustic inn kept by a stalwart, dark, masculine woman of surpassing ugliness and possessed of the most ostentatious goitre of the locality where these deformities are painfully frequent. "Black Lise." as she is called, thirty years ago received the Emperor's first visit; he accepted from her a cup of milk, played a game of skittles in her alley, and left her his portrait, which she still wears set in the heavy class of the broad silver necklace surrounding her misshapen throat. The old sovereign, who clings to past memorles and traditions with almost childike fidelity, would not omit his visits to "Schwartze Lise" on any account, and after tolling up the pretty steep path to her inn, asks for a draught of milk, and knocka down a few ninepins with the ball which each succeeding year gets heavier to his weaker hand.

His Majesty dines at four, his usual dining hour in Berlin. A few disti

daily, but that it is only fully replenished on Sunday.

At one time the Gastein valley was inhabited by some Protestants, but the Archbishop of Salzburg placed so many obstacles in their way that they gradually emigrated, leaving the country side entirely to the Catholics. Crosses, crucilixes, calvaries, and voltre chapels are profusely scattered on every road or path, and rarely seen without one plous inhabitant kneeling before the shrine. In order to follow the rites of his own fath the Emperor William has endowed a small and very simple Evangelical chaped where services are held for him and his suffe. He occupies a seat somewhat raised above the rest, and faces the angular inscription on the opposite wall, which certainly is not a text found in any Gospel. It runs thus: "Halls was die hast sij das die Niemand deine Krone nehme." Hold what thou hast so that no one should take thy crown."

Considering that this chapel was erected at

dir Niemand deine Krone nehme." "Hold what thou hast so that no one should take thy crown."

Considering that this chapel was erected at the close of the Austro-Prussian war in 1866, after the battle of Sadowa when a portion of Hohemia nearly foll into Prussian hands, the question arises whether this remarkable inscription was meant as a warning from the victor to the vanquished on the very territory where the former is receiving the latter's cordial hospitality, or whether it is some strange perversion or misapplication of Seriotural words carelessly permitted to exist.

Invigorated by his stay at Gastein, happy in having once more ballied his physicians and given proof of his miraculous vitality, the aged Emperor, after giving the colors to the regiments at Potsdam, passing a review of home troops, receiving guests, welcoming all the members of his family, discussing European polities with Bismarck, lays down plans for fresh travels, proposes to hour other fatigues, to attend manusures, to visit distant cities, more mindful of the duties of his high rank, which his people and his army are accustomed to see him discharge so faithfully than of the care and precautions commanded by the precarious state of a constitution which, however exceptional, has nevertheless borne the onest.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

The subscription books for the season of grand opera in Garman, at the Metropolitan, close on Oct. 21. Thus far upward of \$70,000 has been received—that is to say, a sum of money larger by one-half than the aggregate of last season's subscriptions.

There will be a season of grand opera in English, in addition to Miss Emma Abbott's, this fall and winter, after all. It will be carried on under the direction of Mr. Charles E. Locks, and among the artists that in-trepld impresario has already engaged are M. Syiva, who sang in Belgo-German at the Metropolitan Opera House two seasons ago, and who is now to take his lyric House two seasons ago, and who is now to take his lyric dight on pinions of Belgo-English: Mr. Barton McGuckin, whose name is a guarantee that his pronunciation, at any rate, will bear out the promise of the title of the company; Mr. Ludwig, Miss Juch, and Miss Clara Poole, the latter a young American contraits that was heard several times at Steinway Hall in 1878 or thereabout. Mr. Thomas will have no hand in the proceedings and will keep to the concert field, where the prima donna rageth not, and the miseries of chorus singers awaiting transportation touch not the conductor's heart.

Among the musical entertainments not yet formally Among the musical entertainments not yet formally announced for this season are Thomas concerts, which will in all probability occur at Steinway Hall, and dive concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra, to take place in December, January, February, March, and April. The first of Mile. Tua's concerts will be given a Chickering Hall on Oct. 17. The date of Master Hotmann's American debut her not yet been made public: his first appearance is likely to be effected, however, in Boston. There is absolutely no definite news in respect of Mms. Gerster's visit, and, although it is known that slignor Campanini has engaged a company abroad, it is also known that no "dates" have been secured by his epresentative in this country.

The Boston Ideals are to visit New York this season They will sing at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in January The prima donna of the organization this year, as last, is Mile. Zelis de Lussan, a young songstress that has been heard in the concert room in New York, but whose operatic performances, while they have delighted Boston and other critical centres, are still a novelty in this city. In respect of soloists, chorus, orchestra, and repertoire, the Ideals may now be referred to as an opera comique company of the highest order. The chief works in their repertoire are Donizetti's "Daughter of the Hegiment" and Mass's "Reine Topats"—the latter one of Mmc. Miolan-Carvalho's favorite operas before that celebrated prima donna won a world-wide reputation by "creating", Marquerite in "Faust." The company is, as theretofore under the sole management of Mr. W. H. Foster.

The city of Bologna has long striven to win a name as an art centre that shall efface and outlive the universal reputation it enjoys as a sort of Italian Cincinnati. It will be remembered that "Lohengrin" was first made known to Italian audiences at Bologus. Now the municipality offers a prize of several thousand lire for a new opera, and its dilettanti are to be treated to ten per-formance, with the tenor Mierzwinski as 'the' attrac-tion. Herr Mierzwinski is to receive \$300 a representation an amount equivalent in the eves of thrifty bu liberal Bologna, to \$1,500 a night in New York.

The German newspapers announce the death of the The German newspapers announce the dean or the father of Anna Meblig, the well-known planist, who visited America some fifteen years ago. Herr Meblig, who was in his 70th year, was for a long while a ticket taker or something of the sort at the Opera House in Stuttgart. Francism Meblig is now Frau Fakk-Meblig.

The Leipzig Signals, apropos of the appearance of a booklet entitled "A Progress in the Manufacture of Violina," sagely observes: "The violin makers of Cre-mona used to make grand violins, but wrote no pamphiets upon them. We have nowadays reversed all this Instrument makers write about improving violins, but their products do not sound as well as those of their Cre, monese forerunners." The Signals's view of the situation is that of intelligent fiddlers the world over.

The tidings that opera of some sort or other, given somewhere or other, not only pays expenses, but leaves a surplus in the treasury, will be received with in redulity by most readers. Yet it appears to be a fact that an interim dividend at the rate of eight per cent.
per annum was lately declared at the first meeting of
the shareholders of the Carl Rosa Opera Company (limited), held in London at the company's offices, Vis-count Folkestone, M. P., in the chair.

According to the German papers Mile. Teresina Tua. the young violinist who is about to visit the United States, is to receive for 220 concerts, to extend over two seasons, on this side of the water \$50,000, plus all traveling expenses incurred by herself and companion. Fraulein Lilli Lehmann lately sang thrice in Copen-

hagen. She was introduced to Copenhagen music lovers in a Philharmonic concert, given under the direction of Johan Svendsen. The orchestral score of "Die Meistersinger," which

has not yet been engraved, is to be brought forth in durable form within a twelvemonth. Verdi's "Otello" will not be given in Madrid, the ex-

pert despatched to witness the performance of the oper-in Venice having expressed an unfavorable opinion as to the expediency of its production in the Spanish capital. When people speak of Spohr their thoughts recur to a most remote period, and one fancies that the great vio-linist and composer has been dead a century at least. So it comes as a sort of surprise to read that Spohr's widow atill lives in Cassel, and that she "celebrated," as far as a person of her age can celebrate, the eightieth auniver-sary of her birth in that tranquil German town but a

few days ago. The first trial of the electric lights in the Vienna Opera House was not altogether satisfactory, for the effect ob-tained in the auditorium was not more brilliant than that of gas, it being feared that too much electric light would prove damaging to the stage effects. Fer control, the stage lights proved successful in every respect, va-ried intensity and great splendor being their most

Signor Vianesi's annual salary as conductor of the Paris Opera House is 12,000 france, or \$2,400. Mr. The-odore Thomas received the same amount of money for two and a half weeks' work season before last and part

of last season.

The death roll of well-known persons has included of late Leon Leroy, a French writer on musical topics; Hippolyte Leroy, formerly stage manager of the Paris Opera House: Fieraboschi, a music teacher in Perugia, that bequeathed 250,000 lire to build a home for super-annuated musicians in his native town: Antonio Ferni, an Italian 'cello player, and father of a large family of artists, and Ferdinand Hullweck, a reputable compound violinist, who passed away in Dresden.

Frau Pauline Lucca has received the decection of the Frau Fauline Lucca has received the decoction of the order pre-litterist of criticus from the King of Sweden. Jenny Lind is the only songstress besides Frau Lucca that has been honored after the same economical but not unwelcome fashion. The nedal pro-litterit, &c., is even missed from the collection possessed by Nime. Marie Rose and gracing the letter paper sold by that successful prima donna after the pictorial manuer in favor with manufacturers of chocolate and baby food.

After Anton Rubinstein assumed the direction of the After Anton Rubinstein assumed the direction of the 8t. Petersburg Conservatory he discovered that radical reforms were heeded if anything like good results were to be expected of its workings. So he at once sum-moned the proprietors of the institution to meet him, and asked them whether they would unite in carrying out his instructions or else allow him to take his leave. It was voted by acclamation to let the eminent com-poser have his way in all things, and he was promptly notified of the fact in his private office, whither he had retired to await the meeting's decision. The least news, however, from St. Petersburg shows that a storm is brewing, and the prospects of a tranquil fall season are not considered as particularly encouraging.

At last accounts "Don Juan" had reached its 496th performance in the Imperial Opera House in Berlin. Its 500th representation is to be appropriately commemorated—just like "Erminie's."

Photography on Boxwood.

Photography on Boxwood.

It is curious that a valuable photographic invention should come from the borders of civilization—licesia. Photographic teaching upon boxwood hince a gracifical impossibility. We learn however, that it has recently been accomplished in Russia, and by a method simple and ingenious. The block in its natural condition is, of course unsuitable. The first step is to full its p-res with insoluble carbonate of copper, by means of two separate solutions is which it is boiled sufficiently. A polish is then imparted to its surface, saphalt in solution applied to its back and siles, and finally a sensitive gelatine film placed over the polished face. The subject to be etched is now photographed on the surface, and, by washing the solution applied to its bear and surface and upprinted parts of the gelatine removed. A belong of aspitalities have a first card of suitable streamin (the stronger the peak in altric earl of suitable streamin (the stronger the peak in altric card of suitable streamin (the stronger the peak in altric card of suitable streamin (the stronger the peak in altric card of suitable streamin (the stronger the peak in the action of suiphure acid for the same time. The action of suiphure acid for the same time. The action of suiphure the process the block is dried and briskly brushed with a sift frush. The apphalt is lissify removed with benzine, and the block is ready for the press. The prantical value as to depth and retention of details we cannot state. It is an innovation however, that may prove worthy of attention.

An Exclusive Dog. From the Detroit Free Press.

There is a officen of Dotroit who possesses a very handsome, intelligent grayhound. This dog will never make any friendly advances to any one until he has been requisity introduced.

A few days are his master met a lady whom he knew on Woodward avenue and stopped for a chat.

"That's a very fine dog," observed the lady, who is rather a councisseur: "how do you do, siry." But the dog stared indifferently into space, and made no sign that he heard her.

"Mojor," said his owner, gravely, "this lady is a friend of mine."

Major, and the worked up to the lady poked of mine."
That was enough. Major frield up to the lady poked his long nose into her hand, rubbed his head affectionately on her dress and showed at once that he accepted her as the friend of his master.

From Life.

Tencher—Can any one help Johnny to finish the Fourth Commandinent!

Small Boy.—Yethm. And the Lord hiethed the Thaturday and made it a holiday.

ST.FEP. Why We Do It.

In an address to the Anthropological Society of Brussels, Prof. Leo Errera has given a résume of some points in the chemical theory of sleep. The phenomena of sleep have is common with other vital functions the character

common with other vital functions the character of periodicity. An examination of such
periodic functions in general may aid in ascertaining the cause of sleep. The respiratory
rhythm is regulated by the amount of
oxygen and carbonic acid in the arterial
blood. When the blood is charged with oxygen the respiratory centre munentarily suspends activity; but soon the tissue, yield their
oxygen to the blood, have it replaced to carbonic acid, and the blood that may be acid,
and the blood that an experience of the carbonic acid, and the blood that may be acid,
and the father and recovery of
muscles is due to a similar alternation of the
accumulation and descharge of certain 'fatigning substances,' culief among which is lactic acid. An injection of this acid into fresh
muscle renders it incapable of work; washing
the acid out restores the activity.

Cannot sleep be explained by a similar chemical theory? Preyer has extended the views of
Binz, Obersteiner, and others (who ail agree in
making the accumulation of certain products
of farigue—ermidingsstofe—the enuse of sleep)
by calling all such fairguing products of activity "ponogens." Those accumulate in waking
life, are readily oxidizable, and absorb the oxygen intonded for gland impossible and sleep
sets in. Gradually the ponogens are destroyed
by oxidation, slight excitation is sufficient to
arouse the centres, and waking life begins,
Among the ponogens Preyer counts, lactic ned
as the chief, but the experimental demonstration of this has been unsuccessful, and the
theory, accordingly, not generally adopted.
Since these researches Armand Gnutler has
found in the human body a series of five organic bases akin to creatine, creatinine, and
recommissions. The physiological properties of
theory accordingly, not generally adopted.
Since these researches Armand Gnutler has
found in the human body a series of five organic bases as in the creating creating, and
sometimes lead to voniting. This is past with
the circular accordingly accordingly and
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This theory maintains (1) that the activity of all the tissues (and primarily of the two most active, the nervous and muscular) gives rise to substances, more or less allied to alkaloids, the leucemaines; (2) that these induce failing and sleep; (3) that on waking, if the body is rested, those substances have disappeared.

To complete the demonstration of these statements much careful experimentation is necessary; but the facts as far as they go make it probable that the chemical theory of sleep will gain in strength with our knowledge.

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA. From the Journal of Dietetics. We should first recommend a milk diet-

We should are recommend a mine uperselukewarm mik, with or without erushed rusk. Unfortunately, through the babit of using blichly seasoned dishes from youth up, we often find an aversion to milk. To cover its health of the state of the st

Maine Life Savers.

From the Chicago Tribune. A Chicagoan, lately returned from Bar Harbor, Me. tells a circuous story of the watern by which drinks are served to those who desire them.

"I went to the hotel clerk," he said, "and capressed my opinion of his town in very furid terms, it said in what was the matter, and I made no home story telling him that I wanted a drink, and that I didn't think much of the hotel that didn't provide them for its goes." Well, he said, "I can't give you snything, but theve a friend, and maybe he can. I'll give you a line to him. Then he told me how to find his friend, and gave me a card bearing this inscription. "Please save this mai's life." The card was efficacious, and I went back to the clerk and told him I wanted a pack of them."